

Pro Wrestling Sushi

#112

Jeff Mullins, Editor, P.O. Box 36189, San Jose, CA 95158-6189

It ain't over 'til the fat guy bleeds!

Sting's face paint and make-up seem better than before, more defined, not that weepy suck look. . . Interesting images: Rick Rude and Bret Hart sitting on top ropes during Hogan's promos or run-ins, like they're taking dumps. . . Ries and Boulder have no clue what to do when they are anywhere near the ring. . . Is Michael Buffer from Disney World? It's like he is an animatronic robot. On any given week, if you overlay his facial expressions and upper body movements onto his head and face from the previous week, it's like a photo copy of the week before. If there ever was a good case for a hologram, Buffer makes the case. But, of course, the house fans do pop for him. . . It's amazing that middle finger displays, while not totally gone from TV wrestling, have been replaced by various other digital signs fans now make in emulation of wrestlers, especially WCW's: ie, Wolf pack's "ears," the little finger to thumb "okay" bit, the "Diamond Cutter". . . Not only do Hogan's bumps look ancient, his punches and even his eye gouges look weak, like he's sending them e-mail. I like the way Hennig gets in the ring with his crutches during a run in. Yeah, you're gonna have a fight with some guys and what you want more than anything else in your corner is Kurt the Kripple. On Monday night, 6/15, who did you think won the prime time battle of the cages as they were going on? Nitro or Raw? (How can you beat blood?)

Gore has never been more delicious!

Edge? Since most of us have not seen an actual standing still more-than-one-second-glimpse of WWF's Edge, it's hard to get a handle on him. Right now, from the scattered, cut-splice-cut-splice DX-like montage promos of him, he reminds me of a smaller Psycho Sid--with better hair, a Raven rip-off, with the off-camera announcer bellowing that makes-no-sense, full of angst, goofy, beatnick-like poetry about him. Gobbly-Gooker must be on the WWF booking committee writing this stuff. I'm curious, though, so I guess it's working to some degree. But do we need two Ravens on prime time TV? Can't wait to hear what The Edgemeister actually has to say when they finally let him speak and what he can do when they let the camera focus on him for more than a split second at any one time. . . I've got a new name for Val Venis. How about Hy Anus--in honor of the WWF's heinous attempt to create a real heel-heel (as opposed to the plethora of heel-faces they have) that they hope everyone will actually hate more than they think they hate Vince McMahon. I can honestly say I hate Venis, I mean, Anus, but I don't hate him like I hated certain heels when I was a kid-mark who cheered the baby faces and boo'd the villains, oh, so long ago, before I became a teenage heel-mark who loved the villains and got such a kick out of the way they spat in the faces of authority and snubbed their noses at the squeaky clean. So, Hy Anus is a villain, and, yes, I do hate him, but I hate him because he's boring. An insult to my intelligence. I don't care what happens to him. I don't care if he can wrestle a little. I don't even look forward to the day when he's put into a program with someone important and he gets his cock, I mean, clock cleaned. His pelvic gyrations? Hey, when nobody is looking I can do that in front of my own full-length mirror. Big deal. Do women really pop for this gimmick? Real women? Or women who are paid by Titan to stand in the crowd and get on national TV and fake Orgasms when the camera's are on them? Or are they women who've got it figured out--that to get on TV for their 15 nanoseconds of fame, when Anus walks down the ramp, they look for the cameras, pop the Big O, and get on TV? "Hi, mom! I popped for Anus!" It's just difficult for me to believe that any woman in her right mind (or, for that matter, any woman without a mind) could actually get chills when he trots down the ramp. For that matter, how many double entendres can Jim Ross keep coming up with to put this guy over? . . . Jeez, Dustin Rhodes just thanked the Lord Jesus Christ for his victory over Mark Mero? What's next? I liked Dustin better when he was with Luna and wearing Fredricks of Hollywood and gorilla masks, for Christ sakes. Actually, my brain was on snooze-control during the Mero-Rhodes match and it did not wake up until I heard Dustin thank the Lord. It seemed so, uh, desparate. . . The first series of spots when X-Pac, in his tournament match with HHH, were worth the long wait. Some pundits might, and probably will, say Sean Waltman was a bit rusty, but in my opinion the 1-2-3 Syxx Pac FedEx Kid was a regular whirling-twirling little white Luchadore-guy, until Owen "The Hustler" Hart came out and racked X-Pac's balls on the safety railing. Safety railing? Now there's an oxymoron. . . After Al Snow in a mask (with Head in a mask) cut the promo with Jerry Lawyer under a crown, where Snow gives Lawler a taste of "head" following a flurry of insider jokes about how

McMahan is burying his career (boy, you've got that right, Al), the camera cuts to Steve Austin, who is pacing in the back, probably thinking stuff like, "God, I'm soooo over, and I'm soooo glad I don't have to do a gimmick like that poor S.O.B. Al Snow!") But then I see people in the arena waving styrofoam heads, but I'm wondering if the new T-shirts they are all wearing (which looked like they all came from the same box) was part of the deal by Titan's marketing department to get people to bob the giveaway heads when the camera panned the audience. I know. I'm cynical. . . Dan "The Big Stone Monolith that Does Not Blink" Severn doesn't need a gimmick. I like a guy who has no personality, stares intently into space, shows no emotion, can't cut a promo, wrestles like it's for real, seems to get away with not protecting people a lot when he slams their necks into the mat, and reminds me of a hungry guy ripping wings off bar-b-que'd chicken when he slaps on da Killer Arm Bar finishing hold. Jim Ross calling the re-play of the Severn-DeLo Brown match was great, the way Ross put Severn and da Killer Arm Bar over. DeLo Brown did a good job, too, squeezing his eyes shut, opening his mouth like a train tunnel, screaming in sheer agony, and selling for all it was worth his "biceps being torn from his chest cavity!" Think about it. There are many points of potential pain on the human body, but an entire set of bicep muscles and tendons and flesh being wrenched from your sternum like bar-b-que?! Scheesh, we're not talking about getting our chest hair caught in a jacket-zipper here. I think what really would be over was if Severn could somehow slap on da KAB, bend over, bear his teeth, and start biting the guy's biceps while he's snapping them. This would make the guy getting da KAB scream even louder and kick and bounce around even more. The camera's could pan the audience and show the women, who having just O'd for Val Venis, could now scream in sheer horror and revulsion. I know. It's a good idea. But the women would probably screw it up and do the Big O for Severn and gag in horror over Venis, which, when you come to think of it, is not a bad idea either. . . The Tag-Team Battle Royal? It reminded me that I've got a lot of left-overs to clean out my refrigerator, a lot of containers full of stinky old food and really bad cheese like Kurrigan Kilbasa, LOD Cheddar, Skull and Eight Ball Potato Salad, and Tenta-the-Giagantic Colorless Brown Lump of Goo in a Zip Lock Bag. A tag-team battle royal on free TV? Wasn't it not long ago if we wanted to see something like that we'd have to pay \$39.95 to watch it on PPV? I say, charge me for it, and that way I won't buy it and Titan can find another way to fill fifteen minutes on Raw. . . What can you say about Terry Funk? Yes, he's like the Incredible Melting Man, his body going to seed, his career going nowhere, his legend a fading memory, all of it, like a candle whose flame is eating away at the wax, one of the world's greatest wrestlers, slowly disappearing right before our eyes. But you gotta love an insane, cagey old fart who'll tie himself up in the ropes and let people take repeated chairshots at his head. I mean if this is the way a guy wants to go out, with his brains draining out his ears, I'm all for him. I remember when Funk came into the WWF in the 80s in the sicko bunkhouse brawler persona. Talk about heels. He carried a gimmicked branding iron into the ring and branded defeated opponants with it. At the time, even though I was no longer a mark but a smart fan who had been smartened up by the Observer and all the other sheets out there, Terry Funk was the one heel who still scared me, even though the branding iron actually wasn't as hot as Gorilla Monsoon claimed, yet I had these intense hostile feelings about Funk and down deep, I wanted to see him get creamed by someone. Val Venis today? Terry Funk before he started to melt? I should not even mention the two of them in the same breath. About the only thing that scares me about Val Venis is that he'll get more air time and be around forever. . . Main event cage match: Undertaker popping up through the mat in the middle of the ring (well, it was no surprise, but at least he didn't come floating down from the rafters) and kicking Paul Bearer around the mat like he was a beached harbor seal was pure unadulterated sadistic fun and a totally appropriate way to get back at someone who calls your mama a "two bit whore." Also savory was Bearer blading big time against the cage, getting blood all over his face and looking like the proverbial little fat kid down the street whose idea of eating spaghetti and tomato sauce is letting his face drop directly into the bowl and inhaling it. Speaking of blood. I can't remember when the use of juice seemed more pertinent. Funny, too, was the way Bearer kept looking into the camera as sauce trickled down his face, which when it caught a close-up of the gig mark, looked like a crater on the moon had sprung a gusher. Lots of blood and lots of camera time showing the blood, too. Gore has never been more da-lish-ee-oh-so!

News anchor in dog house over post-War Zone smirk

Mike Johnson of USA News Update, which follows the War Zone segment of Monday Night Raw, was fined \$10,000 on 6/8, suspended for six nights, and repeatedly slapped with a coal miner's glove after he snickered on camera at the end of the network's highly rated WWF wrestling show.

Johnson is currently on probation and has apologized to the WWF, its wrestlers and staff, and was back on the USA network for the 6/15 Update. If anyone saw Johnson (or if you still have the tape from the 6/15 show), you'll notice Johnson went right to the news without that little smirky smile of

his that says, "Of all the news programs in the entire world, why does mine have to follow Pro Wrestling! Why me? Why?"

According to Barry Diller of USA network (Barry loves the WWF product and the ratings it garners against arch rival WCW's Nitro on TNT), "If Mike Johnson smirks again at the end of the WWF show, I've worked it out with Mr. McMahon that Mike will have to face Vader in a Locker Room Shower Stall Bar of Soap-up-the-Ass Match with the winner doing the post-War Zone news Updates for three weeks, and the loser blowing soap bubbles out his butt on national TV during ring entrances instead of Titan paying for pyro while the winner gets to smirk about it."

Mail from the underbelly of the Eric Bemben underground

If it's humorous, a bit edged, funny as midgets, or warmer than mother's milk laced with Jack Daniels, it belongs here!

Commissioner of Wrestling solves Bemben mystery

After watching a show on boxer George Foreman, I got a clue to unraveling this Eric Bemben mystery. George Foreman has several children all of whom he named "George." I believe this is what the senior Mr. Bemben must have done. He probably has four children all of whom he named "Eric," and they all write letters to wrestling publications.

The quote from the movie Cool Hand Luke was, "No man can eat 50 hard boiled eggs." Well, no man can write all those letters. I believe there are several Bembens all named Eric. Or as the late great Howard Cosell would have said, "a veritable plethora of Bembens." Or as some Sushi readers might say, "a virtual plague of Bembens!"

Harry White, Commissioner of Wrestling, Maryland Heights (near St. Louis), MO

Dr. Lano responds to Bemben's joke

In one of his recent letters to Sushi, Eric Bemben joked about and elaborated on something written two years ago in the Observer which was not true about me. I never claimed to have put together the World Wrestling Peace Festival. In fact, WWPf organizer (and NJPW attorney) Steve Nakada, on behalf of Antonio Inoki, asked me to join several others in helping with the event. I advised Nakada how to contact certain wrestlers; I offered suggestions for lucha talent, and a week before the show I worked every day in the office along with six other people. When Nakada asked if there was anything he could do for me, I mentioned the little follow-through I was having from the Japanese ladies groups in getting Chigusa Nagoya to come here to be honored at the upcoming Cauliflower Alley Reunion and that it would be great to have other deserving Japanese talent honored as well. Nakada called back the next day and said not only had Chigusa agreed to make the trip, but also Devil Masami, Sakaguchi and Sen. Inoki, the latter who would hold a press conference the day after CAC to publicize the Peace Festival. That occurred, and the reunion was an international success of big names, with everyone enjoying the Japanese, except for Lou Thesz who still had heat at a few levels with Inoki. Just prior to CAC, I invited ECW (Paul and Tod) to take part in the Peace Festival which was what Nakada wanted, which, unbeknown to most of us, was against WCW's wishes and upset Eric Bischoff who threatened to pull out of the event. Nakada asked me to go on the web and say that ECW was not invited and, for appearances, told me he'd tell Bischoff I was being reprimanded for inviting ECW. That's it. Nakada had me on the WWPf board. I introduced him to publicist Bob Catago (back with the WWF) who saved the Festival from being cancelled. Inoki and Nakada put the Festival together, which eventually turned out not to be the planned convention, but simply a show with many adverse groups working together, sadly, not ECW. And the Observer trashed me for my efforts.

Dr. Michael Lano, Alameda-actually-on-the-Sea, CA

[For the record, Mike Lano offers the following: he has been a paid wrestling magazine photo journalist since 1966, has a photo and commentary column appearing in Japan's Weekly Gong, and recently produced and did voice overs (for airing on TCI networks) for promoters of wrestling autograph shows advertising Mero and Sable, LOD, Owen and Cactus, HHH and Chyna. Lano says he will provide anyone who doubts the above WWPf story with phone numbers of Nakada and Catago who, according to Lano, will back up his every word. --JDM]

Brooklyn man sings praise of Bemben issue

I thought last week's "Pro Wrestling Bemben" was a step in the right direction. Sushi has finally demonstrated that it gives its loyal fans exactly what they have wanted. . . me! Sushi even demonstrated a very important lesson for all other sheet editors, you can never print too many Eric Bemben letters.

If the new Bemben format continues, I predict Sushi will finally become the #1 sheet by the end of the year. I even hear my "hero" Dave is worried about losing his spot as the king of the sheet empire to me. My advice to Dave is to surrender his grasp as king of all sheets peacefully. Dave can't beat me

in this war. I'm younger, my fans are more rabid, and don't forget those damn Nitro parties! My articles have demonstrated that I can inform, editorialize, and get myself over in the same article. You can't find writing like that in any of the other sheets! I predict subscription renewals are going to soar with the "Pro Wrestling Bemben" format.

Indeed, I have received so much feedback on last week's issue, that I am already looking for new ventures that my legions of fans might want to spend their money wisely on. A 900-line is being discussed. Fact is, Meltzer never offered me Ron Lemieux's spot on his 900-line. In fact, Dave wouldn't even look at my resume. (Did you know having letters in the Observer doesn't count as a job reference?) By creating my own 900-line, fans like Ron can spend \$2 a minute to hear how great I am and hear my options. There's even going to be three options daily, since I plan to stay home all day and update it.

One of my loyal fans has even inquired about an Eric Bemben Fan Club. I'm already looking into that venture. What loyal Sushi or Observer fan wouldn't want an "Eric Bemben 4-Life" shirt? For once you can be innovative and original at a wrestling show. You can finally stick it to all of those people who still think Dave's God!

I have enclosed some praising letters on the inaugural "Pro Wrestling Bemben" issue.

"Your 'Pro Wrestling Bemben' issue was enough to make me want to go back to Dave's house." -- Jubie Jay

"We don't know what's worse--your ego, your letters or the 'Pro Wrestling Bemben' issue." -- The Nitro Girls you promised to call the next morning

"You write more childish than I do. What's your secret?" -- Vince Russo

"Enclosed is a check for an 'Eric Bemben 4-Life' shirt. I can't wait to wear it in 4-6 weeks!" -- Steve from Montebello

"Sushi is better than ever--due to Eric! I still feel there is too little of Eric!! I demand more Eric!!! I feel that Dave character is getting out of control by not publishing any Bemben letters lately!!!!" -- Greg from Maryland

"I was deeply hurt by the passing of Junk Yard Dog. But the "Pro Wrestling Bemben" issue was just what I needed to feel even worse than I did already." -- New Jack

"Unfortunately, I had to resign from the Observer Hot Line. I knew I could never compete with Eric once he started his own line. The "Pro Wrestling Bemben" issue was the best father's day gift ever." -- Ron "Father of the Year" Lemieux

"When's the ERIC BEMBEN 3.16' shirt coming out?" -- Jenna Jameson

"Your 900-line sounds like a bigger rip-off than WCW's. Are you hiring, yet?" -- Scheme Gene

The True Franchise, Eric "Icon" Bemben, Brooklyn, NY

Next Issue : Because The Icon has given his blessings, Sushi will not publish during the next three or four weeks. My fiancé (we've been going together three years now) and I are flying to Hawaii for a couple of weeks where we plan to marry. Publication should resume no later than Wednesday, 7/22, which means the next issue should arrive by or before Saturday, 7/25. Aloha, Sushidudes! --JDM

Four-pages of weekly fun (and sun) still only 50¢

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